Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whil'ſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pitty thee.
George. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, ſweare as thou waſt wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:
Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hee's dead, and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
(That I in all contempt might raile at him)
Ide cut it off, and with the iſſuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine, whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.
From thence ſhall *Warwicke* croſſe the ſeas to France,
And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene.
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe landes together,
And hauing France thy friend, thou needs not dread
The ſcattered foe that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie to offend thine eares.
Firſt, Ile ſee the Coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to France,
To effect this marriage, if it pleaſe my Lord.
Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be.
But firſt before we goe, *George* kneele downe,
We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*,
And girt thee with the ſword.
Our younger brother *Richard*, Duke of *Gloſter*.
Warwicke as my ſelfe ſhall do and vndo as himſelfe pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloſter*,
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.

War.

War. Tuſh, that's a childiſh obſ
Richard, be Duke of *Gloſter*: Now
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion

Enter two Keepers with B

Keeper. Come, lets take our ſta
And by and by the Deere will co
But ſtay, heere comes a man, lets l

Enter King Henr

Hen. From Scotland am I ſtoln
And thus diſguiſde to greete my
No *Henry*, no, it is no land of thine
No bending knee will call thee *C*
No humble ſuters ſues to thee for
For how canſt thou helpe them, a
Keeper. I marry ſir, heere's a De
Keepers fee. Sirra ſtand cloſe, for
This is the King, King *Edward* ha
Hen. My Queene and Sonne, p
And as I heare, the great comman
To intreate a marriage with the
If this be true, poore Queene and
Your labour is but ſpent in vaine
For *Lewis* is a Prince ſoone won
And *Warwicke* is a ſubtle Oratou
He laughes, and ſaies his *Edward*
She weepes, and ſaies her *Henry* i
He on his right hand asking a wi
She on his left ſide, craving aide
Keeper. What art thou that ta
Hen. More then I ſeeme, for l
A man at leaſt, and more I canno
And men may talke of Kings, an
Keeper. I, but thou talkes, as if
Hen. Why ſo I am in minde, t
Keeper. And if thou be a King,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBUR